

# Semi-Weekly Interior Journal.

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## Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understood if we credit that \$2.50 will be ex-  
pected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

### Ye Editor's Farewell.

In the last issue of the Buffalo Wallow  
World, we find the following:

"With this number the time seems to  
have fully arrived at which to cease the  
publication of this paper. Many of our  
subscribers will not even get this issue. To  
be brief about it, we were not permitted to  
remove our print paper from the Adams  
Express office this week, although we have  
never, in these columns, said aught against  
Mr. Adams or his justly celebrated express.  
We have paid many a dollar into the C. O.  
D. department of this man's express com-  
pany. Before we came West, our physi-  
cian told us we could not live without cod  
liver oil, and indeed, he was right, for have  
we not been a C. O. D. liver oil the time  
since we started the paper?"

The last remark is offered as a gra-  
tuitous insult to every unpaid subscriber.  
Paid-up subscribers may omit it. Or we  
will go to them personally and apologize.

But let us seriously review the past two  
years' history of the World. What have  
we not done to aid and encourage our in-  
fant industries and advance the flugging  
commerce of Buffalo Wallow?

Let our eyes show whether we have done  
what we say or not. Let reluctant capital  
pay over our pages, covering the past,  
and answer if what we now state be not ac-  
curate.

Have we not, in the investigation of lead-  
ing citizens here, boomed the condition of  
trade, when traffic was dead, and currency  
nothing but a hollow memory?

Have we not, through the columns of the  
World, asked that a bank be at once estab-  
lished here, when, as a matter of fact, for a  
year the postoffice here has had to sell  
stamps and take the pay out of the store?

Have we not been gay and frolicsome  
in these columns that the world at  
large might not tumble to the woe  
within us? Have we not joked and punned  
and frolicked in print, when the shrill  
north wind was whispering abroad with  
his icy breath, "he hath no underclothing  
whatsoever?"

We have ever been loyal to the town in  
which we lived, and this fact in our ca-  
reer shows how loyal the town has been to  
us. Other newspaper men with fewer  
brains and in better towns, have grown in-  
fluent. Low-browed journalists elsewhere,  
in towns that are populated by bunnies  
and fat, have done well, while we with a fa-  
tigue and rapid constituency, have thrown  
away our two best years and now go forth  
only with what is exempt from seizure and  
sale.

We kept quiet when the convention  
made its nomination for member of As-  
sembly last year and assisted in his elec-  
tion because he was a Buffalo Wallow citi-  
zen, well knowing even then that he  
would be the first man to put himself on  
the five-cent counter. We knew that he  
would take any thing from a pass to an un-  
guarded watermelon. But everybody said  
we should stand by the nomination, es-  
pecially so long as the nominee was a man  
who lived here. So he went to the Legis-  
lature, worked for the better protection of  
muskrate and downed his neighbors on ev-  
ery corner. His pay was \$250 for the season,  
out of which he succeeded in paying \$300  
board and \$600 whisky bills, after which  
he found by a system of rigid economy, he  
had still enough left to purchase a two-  
moment horse and evade the grand jury.

More than all that, we have sat up nights  
to edit and correct and revise and punc-  
tuate the alleged speeches of this man, so  
that his fellowmen would not think him  
the intellectual blight that he is. All  
through the campaign his imitation brace  
floated about in a pool of red eyed rum,  
like specimens in a doctor's office dancing  
on the boom of a jar of alcohol. Then he  
would emit a speech! To-day, as the re-  
sult of our toil, he is gay and free in Can-  
ada, while we go forth to begin life's bat-  
tle once more with the memory of having  
assisted and intellectual engleworm into  
a place where he could market his moth-  
eaten coat.

We have stood by the people of Buffalo  
Wallow in every way while we have been  
running this paper. We have maintained  
that good order prevailed here night and  
day, when the facts would hardly warrant  
this statement. We have pointed with  
pride to our peaceful record as a town  
when the low refrain of the six-shooter,  
cooing in its mate, came stealing through  
the quiet night. We have asked the pious  
and prodigious East to come and dwell with  
us, when we well knew that no stranger ever  
walked the length of our street in a plug  
hat and lived to tell his friends about it,  
unless the hat was made of boiler iron.

We have also boomed our glorious cli-  
mate when it had nothing to warrant in-  
formance. We have written page after  
page about our bracing mountain air, when  
we had been living on Italian sunsets and  
ozens for two days. We have written about

re monetization and bi metallism and bond  
calls, when old man Gastic was clomping  
loudly for a meek and lowly pickled pig's  
foot.

So it has gone on. One hundred and  
four times the World has gone forth from  
this office to beg for a church festival, to  
praise the feeble song of a young lady who  
resides here, and hasn't the manhood to  
buy half a dozen extra containing the puff,  
to congratulate the groom and to sympa-  
thize with the woman, to say a kind word  
for the man who had painted his front  
fence, to say pleasant things of people who  
did not deserve it, to whoop up the county  
fair and the Fourth of July celebration,  
only to be badgered and bullied and sat up  
on by people who were unworthy.

Subscribers who do not get their papers  
hereafter will know why is that way. They  
will understand that their subscriptions  
and the paper, also, have expired. Those  
who think that a publication is a public  
trust will do well to apply elsewhere.

Readers of the World who find a large  
red cross and a notice of sale on the front  
door of this office will know that their sub-  
scription has expired.

We resign here to accept the portfolio  
of biscuit shooter in a restaurant where  
food is an every day occurrence.

Two years ago we joyfully saluted  
To-day we have involuntarily valedictori-  
ed. — [Bill Nye, in Boston Globe.]

### The Sign of the Slipper.

"Come, drink, I implore you!"

Glady's hawk's low contralto voice—  
so low as to be almost decollette—faltered  
as she whispered this exhortation to the  
sea-shell tinted ear, of which Gaston Mon-  
tepen possessed two. She punctured the  
remark with a convulsive sob, as if her  
larynx had slipped its mooring, and at the  
sound the young man felt his whole being  
thrill as it never thrilled before.

"Never!" he exclaimed, with a face that  
would have earned him \$10 a week as the  
villain of an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" com-  
pany.

They were in St. Louis, these two; but  
they were to be pitied rather than con-  
demned for that. They were born there and knew  
no better. Gaston belonged to one of the  
old French families, while Glady's father  
had made a fortune by inventing a patent  
cork-crew. They were well matched and  
the world said that when Gaston Monte-  
pen led the lovely heiress to the altar the  
good old city of St. Louis knew no happier  
proprietor of a "soft snap" than he. They  
were sitting in the twilight now and the  
gloaming was just beginning its usual  
gloom, while the purple haze of coming  
night was doing business at the old stand.  
As Glady uttered the words with which  
her story opens she stood with one white  
arm about Gaston's neck, while in the op-  
posite hand she held a slipper of white sat-  
in. The satin had originally been intended  
for a ball dress, but Glady found that  
there was a superabundance of material—  
in fact enough for a pair of slippers for her-  
self—so the ball-dress scheme was abandon-  
ed and the slippers made instead.

"Drink!"  
The monosyllable was uttered in a tone  
that was half a prayer, half a mandate; yet  
Gaston vouchsafed no answer save the low,  
soft refrain of "See saw," which he whistled  
fervently. The girl was maddened. Strik-  
ing a mad note in "Article 47" attitude  
she exclaimed:

"Gaston, you have said that you love me.  
Then listen! This slipper of mine contains  
two quart bottles of champagne, sparkling  
and delicious as champagne alone can be.  
I have been reading of the young men at  
White Sulphur Springs who drink cham-  
pagne from the slipper of a belle. I vainly  
would emulate them. If you love me  
drink!"

In hush, firm tones the young man an-  
swered:  
"Glady, heaven knows I love you; but  
I can't drink two quart of wine at one  
fell gulp. That were madness! Girl, you  
fell would get me paralyzed!"

And so saying he strode into the glow-  
ing

With a shriek of agony Glady observed:  
"I shall have to drink it myself!" — [Chi-  
cago Rambler.]

A fly walks;ly disporting himself upon  
the ceiling, when a spider, who had been  
watching the fly in the vain hope that he  
would come in his direction, finally called  
out: "I say, Mr. Fly, won't you drop in  
and be a little sociable this morning?"  
"Thanks," said the fly; "modesty forbids.  
I'm not in your line this morning." Mor-  
al.—All folks are not fools, even if their  
heads are turned upside down occasion-  
ally.

The man who minds his own business as  
he ought is seldom idle—"Brilliant men  
were born with black eyes." Insolent men  
get theirs later on.—The charity that be-  
lives at home sometimes ends there; it is  
too feeble to go out.—"Castles in the air  
are cheap." Not if a fellow has constantly  
to keep them in mental repair.—[Philadel-  
phia Call.]

A Chicago young lady was gazing at the  
Bartholdi statue.

"Grand!" she exclaimed; "superb! lovely!  
too sweet! but, George," she said, turning  
to her escort, "how very small the feet  
seem!"

Use Green Cough Balsam for coughs and colds;  
Price 50c. For sale by McRoberts & Stagg.

MADISON.—On Tuesday, last week, John  
E. Foss, a white man, and Belle W. Walk-  
er, a young colored woman of this place,  
eloped to Cincinnati and were married.  
According to the laws of Kentucky they  
could not marry here, nor can they now  
live here. Foss is a brick-layer and has  
lived in Richmond for a year or two. He  
came here from Garrard county.—Two years  
ago W. A. Fennell, of this county, bought a  
jack of Mr. John E. Gates and paid \$300  
for it. At the recent term of the common  
pleas court Fennell sued Gates for \$1,000,  
claiming that the jack was worse than  
worthless. The jury rendered a verdict in  
favor of Fennell for \$600. The case will  
be appealed.—Since our last report 22 cars  
of cattle have been shipped from Rich-  
mond. Of these 18 cars, or 324 cattle, were  
bought in the county by Mr. B. K. Kays, for  
Lehman Brothers, were shipped to New  
York and go to Europe. They cost Leh-  
man Brothers about \$35,000 and the freight  
on them to New York was \$1,548. Price  
per pound 4 1/2 to 4 60.—Rev. Geo. O. Barnes  
continues to preach in Richmond and has  
a crowded house at every meeting. He  
and his large audiences seem never to tire  
of his favorite theme—God is love and  
nothing else, the author of all good, while  
the devil is the author of all bad. He will  
probably leave here at the end of the week.  
A question box is open every night for the  
reception of all questions you may wish to  
ask. He continues to anoint and says that  
75 per cent. of his patients recover. We do  
not know whether or not this is a high av-  
erage. Let the physicians say. What say  
ye, sons of Esculapius?—[Register.]

Rotteness in the Public Printer's Office.  
Some of these days there will be a start-  
ling exposition of the way in which ex-  
Public Printer Rounds managed to squan-  
der the public money. Ink and other sup-  
plies are now being purchased for one half  
or one fourth what Rounds paid for articles  
that were inferior in quality to the new  
supplies. Of 15,000 pounds of ink purchas-  
ed during the last year of Mr. Rounds' ad-  
ministration four-fifths of it cost from \$2  
to \$5 per pound. Mr. Benedict does not  
pay over \$1.50 per pound for any ink now,  
and most of it he buys for less. He invites  
competition and buys in the cheapest and  
best market. Mr. Rounds bought all of  
his ink and some other supplies from his  
brother in law in Chicago. Most of the  
supplies of various kinds he obtained either  
from or through his relatives or personal  
friends. When new printing presses were  
wanted his son was made the unnecessary  
middleman, through whom they were pur-  
chased. Some way was always found for a  
friend to make a commission, and much of  
the supplies was wasted or destroyed by  
not being kept properly. Printing ink, for  
instance, which needed to be carefully kept  
at a moderate temperature was exposed to  
the weather when the thermometer was at  
zero, so that it was rendered useless. Print-  
ers' rollers, for which high prices were  
paid, are in stock to-day that never have  
been used and never can be used. The  
workmen and foremen of Mr. Rounds' time  
are still there and they readily admit all  
these things. It is said by the employees  
that Mr. Benedict has been more around,  
and has given more attention to the affairs  
of the establishment during the couple of  
months he has been here than Mr. Rounds  
did during all his four years' term. Ac-  
counting officers say that the improve-  
ments already effected by Mr. Benedict  
will save the government hundreds of thou-  
sands of dollars every year.—[Washington  
Post.]

NEARLY AS GOOD AS MARK TWAIN'S  
FROG.—An old gentleman at Tewkesbury  
for many years rode a blind horse. This  
sightless steed, which had probably been  
a good fence once, had learned to  
jump whenever he received a hint that he  
was desired to do so. One day, after a run  
with the hounds, some hunting men were  
talking in the bar of a hotel about big  
jumps, and the owner of the blind horse  
stoutly maintained that that animal would  
jump over a single obstacle which none of  
his hunters would leap. He was ready to  
back his words with money, and, as the re-  
sult of the conversation, he made four bets  
of £5 each on the subject. Very soon the  
four spectators repented of risking their  
money so rashly. The owner of the blind  
horse put down a straw in the street and  
this constituted the "obstacle." He rode  
up to it, and the blind steed, responding to  
his call, "reared at the rasper," cleared it with  
a bound four feet in the air, and covering  
twelve feet of ground at least. None of the  
other four horses would rise at the straw,  
and the owner of the blind horse was £20  
the richer.—[Court Journal.]

A New York editor has opened a sub-  
scription for a monument to Isaac Walton.  
Such an honor is eminently deserved.  
Isaac was one of the very few men who  
could go a fishing and catch a trout that  
didn't increase two or three pounds in  
weight before he got home.

It troubles a woman who had to be car-  
ried by a fireman down a ladder from a  
third-story window to think of all the valu-  
ables she had to leave behind, but it trou-  
bles more to think that she should have  
happened to have had on her other stock-  
ing.

How is your blood? Use Green's Sarsaparilla.  
For sale by McRoberts & Stagg.

### HUSTONVILLE, LINCOLN COUNTY.

—Friday's INTERIOR JOURNAL was not  
on hand up to Monday morning.

—Of course the "cold wave" paid us the  
compliment of a visitation.

—No preaching in town Sunday, except at  
the African church. A church edifice has  
just been finished on the site of the old  
Robert's Chapel, near Mr. Daniel Stagg's.  
The dedication services will be held on the  
2d Sabbath (Nov 14) Rev. Mr. Pierce, of  
the Methodist church of Danville, is to of-  
ficiate. The point is some three miles  
from Hustonville, of easy access by turn-  
pike. Persons from abroad will meet a  
cordial welcome.

—"Haste to the wedding" was illustrated  
last Wednesday by a party of young ladies  
and gentlemen, who, under the leadership  
of a distinguished Professor and a festive  
Doctor, repaired to Danville to aid in a  
marriage ceremony, and discovered to their  
great disgust that they were exactly a week  
too soon.

—So many removals have been made re-  
cently among our population that we pro-  
pose to issue a new directory for the guid-  
ance of strangers. Mr. Rinnick is at More-  
land, J. W. Reid at the Cooper Hotel, Jno.  
Ellis at the Van Arsdale property, Ed  
Hood in the old Reid and Portman prop-  
erty; Charley Bishop is improving the Con-  
way residence, Joel E. Huffman goes to  
Liberty in the capacity of county judge  
and clerk of Casey; E. D. Kennedy is in  
the Weatherford property and G. B. Cooper  
has transferred his lares et penates to Stan-  
ford.

### The New Congressmen

Kentucky has no especial reason to be  
proud of the delegation elected to Congress  
on Tuesday. Heretofore the average of  
ability of the delegation has been respect-  
able if not brilliant, while a few individuals  
have attained a national reputation. No  
such reputation can be hoped for by the  
new members just chosen. There are Messrs.  
Stone and Latham, good natured enough,  
but giving promise during their service  
thus far of no ability beyond making 4th-  
class postmasters. The Third district elects  
a man of very moderate capacity, as do the  
Fourth and Fifth. If Carlisle is defeated  
in the Sixth, it not only brings forward an  
obscure man, but lowers the standard of  
the delegation by retiring the strongest man  
recently elected from the State. Congress-  
man Brackinridge, who is re-elected, is the  
strongest on the list and most apt to attract  
attention. Then there are McCreary and  
Tambie, each with the record of one ses-  
sion to stand upon. Judge Thomas, from  
the Ninth, is a man of good character but  
mediocre ability, while Judge Finley, of  
the Eleventh, has made a reputation during  
his 25 years of public life hardly creditable  
to the State which makes a Congressman of  
him.—[Louisville Commercial of the 4th.]

AS TO SHAPELY LIMBS.—There is no  
part of an actresses' wardrobe that she  
should give so much attention and study to  
as her stockings. There are certain rules  
about dressing the legs that must be fol-  
lowed to secure a good effect. Now, in fancy  
stockings, the lower part should be dark  
and the upper part light. That gives the  
effect of smallness at the ankle and plump-  
ness at the calf. Reverse the position of  
the colors and the leg will look as straight  
and ungraceful as a stick. Then if the dark  
shade does not go all around the lower part,  
it should be at the back and not in front,  
for in that case it gives the ankle a flat  
look. The hosiery that is figured with an  
imitation boot coming up to the swell of  
the calf gives the leg the best appearance.  
—[Interview with an Actress.]

Buckley's Arnica Salve  
The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises  
Sore, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetters, Chapped  
Hands, Callouses, Corns and all Skin Eruptions,  
and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It  
is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money  
refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by  
Penny & McAllister.

Wonderful Cures.  
W. D. Hoyt & Co., wholesale and retail Drug-  
gists of Rome, Ga., say: "We have been selling  
Dr. King's New Discovery, Electric Bitters and  
Buckley's Arnica Salve for two years. Have nev-  
er handled goods that sell as well, or give such  
universal satisfaction. There have been some  
wonderful cures effected by these medicines in this  
city. Several cases of pronounced Consumption  
have been entirely cured by the use of a few bot-  
tles of Dr. King's New Discovery, taken in con-  
nection with Electric Bitters. We guarantee them  
always. Sold by Penny & McAllister. (1)

An Entertaining, Reliable House.  
Penny & McAllister can always be relied upon  
not only to carry in stock the best of everything  
but to secure the Agency for such articles as have  
well-known merit, and are popular with the peo-  
ple, thereby sustaining the reputation of being al-  
ways enterprising and ever reliable. Having se-  
cured the Agency for the celebrated Dr. King's  
New Discovery for Consumption, will sell it on a  
positive guarantee. It will surely cure any and  
every affection of the Throat, Lungs and Chest,  
and to show our confidence, we invite you to call  
and get a Trial Bottle Free. (1)

Green's Electric Oil cures all aches and pains.  
For sale by McRoberts & Stagg at 50c.  
Green's Golden Balm, sure cure for Catarrh at  
50c, at McRoberts & Stagg's.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,  
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,  
When she became a Man, she clung to Castoria,  
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

### MULES.

Twenty good yearling Mules, 15 of them mares,  
for sale. Call on or address me at Lancaster, Ky.  
J. L. YANTIS.

### Town Lot For Sale!

As representative of Mr. W. H. Anderson, I offer  
for sale privately his neat brick house and lot of  
two acres on Somerset Avenue in Stanford. The  
place has all the necessary improvements and is a  
very desirable one. Call on or address me at Stan-  
ford in regard to it.  
162-11

P. M. McROBERTS

### FOR SALE!

A valuable stock farm containing 312 Acres  
situated 1 mile from Crab Orchard on the Stanford  
pike.  
The two new store-rooms and rooms over same,  
in Stanford, on 8th side of Main street, built by  
Owley & son. Also the brick residence in which  
I am now living.  
164-11

J. B. OWLEY,  
Stanford, Ky.

### Store-Room For Rent

The Hayden Store-Room, the best in Stanford,  
in location and arrangement. Apply to  
W. G. WELCH,  
Stanford, Ky.  
165-41

### E. H. FOX,

### G. ELIAS & BRO.

—WHOLESALE—

### TIMBER & LUMBER,

22 West Swan Street,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Highest cash price paid for White Ash, Black  
Ash, Red Birch, Cherry, Poplar, Butternut,  
Chestnut, Oak, Maple, Hickory, Elm, Quat-  
tered White and Red Oak and Sycamore.

A. C. SINE,  
Southern Agent,  
Stanford, Ky.

163-11

### NEWPORT NEWS & MISSISSIPPI VALLEY,

—THE—

### CHESAPEAKE & OHIO ROUTE

Kentucky's Route East

Washington, Philadelphia and  
New York.

The only line running

### PULLMAN NEW SLEEPING CARS

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### A SOLID TRAIN

Louisville, Cincinnati & Lexington, Ky.  
to Washington City.

Connecting in the same depot with

Fast Trains for New York.

The Direct Route to—

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Concert Grand,  
Parlor Grand,  
Baby Grand,  
Upright Grand,  
Square Grand.

We are opening the most carefully selected, the  
finest and best stock of

### PIANOS AND ORGANS

Ever brought to this city. Every instrument is  
the pride of an artist and priced from \$10 to  
\$25 percent. lower than other dealers ask for  
the same goods. Persons of musical and art culture  
are invited to an inspection of the beautiful, cul-  
tivated, reduced tone and artist designed of these cele-  
brated instruments.

The World-renowned Knabe, the Fa-  
mous Decker & Son, the Popular Ever-  
ett and the Reliable New England  
Pianos.

The Celebrated Olough and Warren and  
the John Church & Co. Organs.

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and prices.

S. R. & L. J. COOK, Special Ag'ts,  
Stanford, Ky.

Or ROSE B. RICHARD, post-office,  
References.—A. R. Penny, Mrs. E. M. Carpen-  
ter, J. M. Phillips, J. M. Moore and James Beaz-  
ley, Stanford; Mrs. Maggie Holmes, Crab Or-  
chard; Gen. W. J. Landrum and Miss Lizzie Hud-  
land, Lancaster, Ky.  
123-11

### O. & M.

### OHIO & MISSISSIPPI R. W.

The direct through line and old established route  
from

Louisville & Cincinnati to St. Louis  
and all points in the West.

Two (2) Daily Trains from Louisville to St. Louis.  
Three (3) Daily Trains from Cincinnati  
to St. Louis.

Only 10 hours from Louisville and Cincinnati  
to St. Louis.

The Only Line by which you can  
get a Through Sleeping Car

From Cincinnati to St. Louis.

The O. & M. is the only line running  
through from Louisville and St. Louis  
and Cincinnati to St. Louis, all other routes being  
made up of a combination of small roads.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway runs Palatial  
Sleeping Cars on night trains; Luxurious Par-  
lor Cars on day trains; Elegant Day Coach-  
es on all trains.

Direct and close connections are made in UNION  
DEPOTS with diverging lines by the O. & M.  
Railway, thus avoiding troublesome trans-  
fers by other routes.

The Ohio & Mississippi Railway is the only line  
between Louisville, Cincinnati and St. Louis  
under one management, running all its  
trains through solid and in consequence  
is recognized First-Class Route be-  
tween these Cities.

Apply to ticket Agents of connecting lines for  
full particulars as to rates, time, maps, circulars  
or any desired information, or write to

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Trav. Pass. Ag't O. & M. Ry., Somerset, Ky.  
JOHN F. BARNARD, W. B. SHATTUCK,  
Pres. and Gen'l Man'g'r, Gen. Pass. Ag'ts.  
Cincinnati, O.

### OPERA HOUSE

—STANFORD, KY.—

W. P. WALTON, - - Proprietor

First of Stage, 20x50. Eight complete sets of Sec-  
ond. Seating capacity, including gallery, 600.  
A desirable place to give attractions.

W. P. WALTON.

THAT there should have been for a moment doubt of the re-election of Speaker John G. Carlisle, in a district with 7,000 democratic majority, ought to serve as a warning to democrats everywhere. No one thought that the obscure dutchman, put forward under the guise of the workingmen's candidate, would poll more than a few hundred votes, but the scheme of his candidacy was engineered by shrewd republicans, who united upon him their full strength and made it possible to claim his election for a few days. In fact it was not absolutely certain that the claim was not just till the official vote was declared, when Mr. Carlisle's majority was found to be but 768. In an interview with the *Courier-Journal* concerning the result, Mr. Carlisle says that the vote against him is not larger than it has been heretofore. If the opposition to him had been accepted by his constituents as amounting to anything, he thinks his majority would have been 6,000 or 7,000. The tariff question, he says, had no more influence in his election this time than it has had at previous elections. "The district is overwhelmingly in favor of a revision of the tariff and a reduction of taxation, and no man who openly takes the opposite ground could be elected on any ticket." He says nothing in the result of the late elections to discourage the advocates of revision and reduction, and thinks the little repulse will only stimulate the party to greater exertion in the future.

THE Louisville *Times* regards the election as a sort of dog fall and sums up the result thus: After the smoke of battle has cleared away we do not see that either party has much cause for rejoicing. Democrats have made gains in republican strongholds and republicans have made gains in democratic strongholds. There is a streak of dawn in the Northwest and in the far West. Colorado has gone democratic and we are not without hope that the Centennial State will remain democratic. The silver question is the principal issue of the State, and the people know that it is to the democracy alone they can look for bimetalism. In Minnesota the democracy have swept things in the Congressional contests. There it was the tariff question that interested the people and the result is a free trade delegation, the majority of whom are democrats. As for Ohio, it is like one of Rip Van Winkle's drunks, and does not count. Virginia ought to feel ashamed of herself and Kentucky is in the same box. In New York the result was a dog fall. The democrats carried the election on the State ticket by a comfortable majority, and the republicans gained several Congressmen. Upon the whole it was a drawn battle, though the democrats drew a good deal of blood by holding their grip upon the House of Representatives.

GOV. McCREARY increased his majority just 1,200 this time. He beats our old friend, Captain Toddy, just 3,346 votes and carries every county in the district save two. It was pretty difficult to get a man to run against the Governor the last time and no republican will be likely to tackle him in the future. He deserves the flattering endorsement, for he has served his constituency faithfully and has done all in his power to turn the rascals out. By the way, the only two Congressmen from Kentucky who increased their majorities were the governor and Polk Laffoon and both have records of filling offices with democrats as fast as they could. The other laggards might profit by this. True democrats want to reap the reward of their victory and have no patience with those in authority who permit republicans and mugwumps to remain in office. Turn every mother's son of them out and to the victors let the spoils attach.

THE Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*, the bitterest partisan paper in the country, and the most malignant enemy of the South, prints this at the head of its editorial columns in spelling book type: "The republicans in the next Congress will have majorities in the House of twenty State delegations. It is to this Congress that the Presidential election will be referred if there is a failure to elect by the Electoral College. In that case the republican candidate will be elected by a majority of two States."

In Connecticut, a majority of all the votes must be obtained before a man is chosen governor. In the late election Mr. Cleveland, the democratic candidate for that office, had a plurality of over 2,000, but having no majority the election goes to the Legislature, which is republican. Of course Lousbury, the minority candidate, will be made governor and Hawley will be re-elected Senator. This is a pretty state of affairs.

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is the finest and best managed organization of workmen in the world. Chief Arthur, who was re-elected at the recent meeting, is a man of excellent capacity and extraordinary powers for controlling men, and the brotherhood showed its good sense in retaining him. It also showed its good sense by neglecting to express its sympathy for the Chicago anarchists, as the Knights of Labor did.

ROGERS, the democratic nominee for Congress in the Buffalo district, who announced his opposition to Cleveland's administration, was defeated and the President is not grieving any of his fat away on account of it.

THE republican gain of five Congressmen in Virginia has even a worse phase than appears on the surface, which is bad enough. It will bring that miserable little demagogue, Mahone, again to the front, and perhaps be the means of saddling him for another term in the Senate upon a people that he has always striven to dishonor. Emboldened by this success he will begin to lay his wires to elect a Legislature to his thinking, and it is no telling what he will be able to do. That he is feeling better than he has for months is shown by the following telegram from him to Governor Foraker, of Ohio: "Let not the distinguished daughter despair of her mother. She is coming seven members of Congress and a majority on the popular vote running above 15,000. With my love, pass this to Senator Sherman, General Kennedy and my dear friend, McKinley."

In Indiana the democrats will have the Legislature by a majority of two, although the republican State ticket was elected. This will retire Senator Harrison and give his place to Saddlebags McDonald or some other good man. The California democrats elected both the Governor and a majority in the Legislature and the latter will elect a democratic Senator to succeed the present republican incumbent. New Jersey will likewise have a democratic Legislature and a consequent gain of another representative in the national Senate. The Virginia Legislature has already elected a democratic successor to Mahone. So the next Senate will be a tie between the parties with the probability that Riddleberger will vote with the democrats on important measures.

THE Kentucky delegation in the 50th Congress will stand eight to three in favor of the democrats, a gain of two for the republicans, who elect Hunter, Thomas and Finley in the 31, 9th and 11th districts respectively, by majorities running from 200 to 1,000. This is pretty rough, but the democrats have only themselves to blame. McCreary in the 5th and Laffoon in the 21 largely increase their majorities, the former securing 3,346 and the latter 2,554. Montgomery has about 3,000 majority in the 4th; Caruth's official majority is 140; Carlisle's 768; Stone and Breckinridge had no opposition. Taubee is re-elected by a reduced majority in the 10th.

A FELLOW with \$3,370 in continental money presented it to the treasury for redemption last week, but Controller Durham decided that it was no good and that the government could not pay a cent for a basketful. The Controller, who is ever on the lookout for fraudulent claims, finds that a large number of accounts of United States commissioners are for frivolous and unnecessary prosecutions, with no other purpose than to heap expenses upon the government and increase the fees of their own office. In 2,500 cases in North Alabama alone there were but 812 convictions, and the fines in them amounting to \$817.

It is said that Dr. Hunter, the red-headed and red-hot radical elected to Congress in the 31 district, is not eligible to a seat as a Kentucky member, because he is a taxpayer and voter in New Mexico. We hope that this may prove true and that something will turn up to prevent Finley from contesting with Ben Butterworth for the honors he alone has won for several sessions. We imagine, however, that he will sing very low when he gets to Washington. He may be a very big man in his native mountains, but he will spread out exceedingly thin when he tries to cover the United States.

THE celebration of the 250th anniversary of the founding of Harvard College took place at Boston yesterday. The President and his Cabinet were present and so was Mrs. Cleveland, thus refuting the story that she did not go to Richmond because of a matter too delicate to mention. It begins to look like the charge that the President did not want her to meet Miss Winnie Davis, because she is a daughter of Jefferson Davis, contains more truth than those who credited Mr. Cleveland with an unusual amount of good sense, could believe.

It was perhaps bad enough, but it was not such a Waterloo after all. The democrats will retain control of the House by a majority of 12 to 18 and after next March the probabilities are that they will be able to tie the republicans in the Senate, if indeed they do not have a majority of one. The close shave in some districts and the defeat of the democrats in some others, where they have an undoubted majority, will serve as a lesson and prevent them from being caught napping again.

THE Danville *Tribune* came to us last week with the names of W. G. Danlap and Walker Fry at the head of the editorial column, which contained their very hard some salutatory. The paper will continue to advocate republican doctrines, but not in that disgustingly bitter partisan manner that has heretofore characterized it. The young gentlemen have our best wishes.

THE prohibitionists do not seem to be much of a factor in New York City politics. In the election for mayor there last week their candidate only received 576 votes in a total of over 200,000 cast.

SUNSET COX will tell his jokes in the 50th Congress instead of to the Sultan of Turkey, he having been elected to his old seat last week by a large majority.

—Mr. Thoebe announces that he will contest the election of Mr. Carlisle on the ground that the returns in the back counties were "doctored," and that his representatives sent to observe the count were shown no consideration, and in one instance were threatened with bodily injury.

## NOTES OF CURRENT EVENTS.

—Virgil Potter, county judge of Warren, is dead.

—The Legislature of West Virginia will be democratic on joint ballot by 9 majority.

—Col. Wm. Cassius Goodloe is a candidate for the republican nomination for governor of Kentucky.

—Georgetown College has the largest number of students of all the denominational schools in Kentucky.

—Mr. Watterson will arrive in Louisville tomorrow, after a several month's tour in the Old World, fully recovered in health.

—James R. Tyler, of Virginia, a grandson of ex-President Tyler, has been appointed a watchman in the Interior Department.

—The democrats of Colorado elected a governor, though two or three other successful candidates for State offices are republican.

—Gran Prewitt was held without bail for the murder of Jarvis Buck and sister in Wayne, and Jones and Simpson were discharged.

—Mayor-elect Hewitt, of New York, says, in the defeat of Wm. R. Morrison, for Congress, the democratic party lost one of its main supports.

—Losses by fire in the United States and Canada in October are estimated at \$12,000,000, or \$95,000,000 as the fire waste for the expired ten months of 1886.

—In Delaware the democratic candidate for governor defeated the prohibitionist by 5,000 majority. The republicans stood off as disinterested spectators in the fight.

—Ex-Alderman McCabe, one of New York's "bottle" gang of municipal statesmen, has been judiciously declared insane and his tour to Sing Sing is therefore indefinitely postponed.

—There is one democratic Congressman from Kentucky who will never be caught asleep, as Mr. Carlisle appears to have been last Tuesday. His name is McCreary.

—[Louisville Times.]

—The bunco sharp, Henderson, was held in bail of \$1,500 at Shelbyville, which he has not been able to give; meanwhile an Indiana sheriff has recognized him as a robber wanted in that State.

—The New York Sun, which tried very faithfully to defeat the democrats in 1884, by running Ben Butler for President as a chestnut-puller for Blaine, is now grooming Henry George for a similar work in 1888.

—The majority for prohibition in Christian county is 83. Of 19 saloons in the city of Hopkinsville 14 close Friday next, four January 1 and one runs till March 3. All of the liquor shops in the county close by April 9.

—The revenue cutter Manhattan, with a crew of twenty-five men, went down with all on board off the harbor of New Haven, Conn., Sunday. Efforts to send a boat to the relief of the cutter were prevented by the heavy sea outside the breakwater.

—Mart Garner, who got drunk at Somerset on Finley whiskey, attempted to cross McGee's trestle ahead of a freight train. He was dashed to the earth, a distance of 125 feet and mashed into a shapeless mass, where he was found several hours later.

—Lucas Brothers, dealer in agricultural implements at Bowling Green, and James Lucas individually filed deeds of assignment last Friday, the liabilities being \$40,000, with assets of \$38,000. James Lucas was the originator of the great Lucas Fair.

—The Harrodsburg *Democrat* says that the fascinating Miss Jessie Buckner, whose name is well-known in this section, is now prima donna of the Gardner Opera Company, under the sobriquet of "Edith Bryne," and is filling engagements in the principal cities on the route to California.

—Six convicts attempted to escape from the Greenwood mines by knocking down a guard named Markwood, but he recovered his feet and shot three of them, one badly and the others sufficiently to drop them. A citizen captured another and but two succeeded in getting entirely away.

## DANVILLE, BOYLE COUNTY.

—Our doctors say there are no new cases of diphtheria in town, although rumors to the contrary are afloat.

—The last INTERIOR JOURNALS arrived here in time to be distributed with the mail opened at 2 o'clock on Sunday.

—The official count of the vote in this county gives McCreary for Congress 104 majority; Cohen for Board of Equalization 61 majority.

—A delegation of colored people are to go to Frankfort Wednesday to try to secure the location of the Colored Normal School in Danville.

—Mrs. Margaret Brewer, a sister of Mr. John Twemey, of this county, died Sunday at the home of her husband, Mr. Barney Brewer, in Mercer county.

—Mr. John A. Scott, of this place, and Miss Emily Hicks, of Mercer, were married Tuesday evening at the residence of J. J. Robertson, Rev. P. T. Hale, officiating.

—Font T. Fox, Jr., of Garrard county, has bought George Cogar's interest in the grocery house of Mahan & Cogar. Mr. Cogar will remain in Danville and engage in the grain and produce business.

—Mr. Graham Price is able to be out again after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Jo S. Moore, who has been quite sick from hemorrhages of the lungs, is reported by Dr. L. S. McMurtry to be considerably better this morning.

—Rev. P. T. Hale, of the Baptist church, is conducting a meeting at Walnut Hill church, northeast of town. Eleven additions thus far. A violinist has been added to the choir of the Baptist church here. The other instruments are an organ and cornet.

—Mr. W. S. Downton has named his young son James Piece, a family name on the mother's side.

—Mr. W. R. Bowman writes to a friend from Newark, New Jersey, that he has organized a stock company for the manufacture of his patent car coupler and for the introduction of them throughout the United States and Europe. He is in high spirits and thinks he is well on the road to fortune.

—August Squiffett, the father of a French Belgian family living here for three years past, started for his former home near Charleroi, Belgium, about six weeks ago to look after some business matters. Last week his family received news of his death at Charleroi. He suffered much from sea-sickness during the voyage, but on reaching land became sick from over-eating and died in a few days. He was about 60 years of age.

—Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Mills have returned from a visit to New York, Bridgeport, Connecticut, and Cincinnati. Colonel C. E. Bowman expects to return to Frankfort to-day. Mrs. A. S. Robertson has returned from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Holmes, of Bonham, Texas. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Gilcher arrived home Saturday night, after a five months' absence in Europe. They are both in the best of health and are delighted with what they saw in the old world.

—Jno. Leek, alias Jas. Webber, alias Jno. Smith, was arrested Saturday at Junction City by Sheriff W. B. Moore and town marshal George Wells, charged with horse-stealing, malicious shooting, larceny, etc., near Knoxville, Tenn. He had the reputation of a young man who would shoot his way out of trouble, and the officers were warned to get the drop on him or he would be certain to get it on them. They got the drop, as they were advised to do, and effected the arrest quietly. Leek refuses to go to Tennessee without a requisition. He is 24 years old and a married man. He is in jail.

## GARRARD COUNTY DEPARTMENT.

## Lancaster.

—Captain E. W. Lillard has begun the erection of a handsome residence on Lexington avenue.

—Lt. Lucien Young was called to Washington Friday by a telegram from Secretary Whitney.

—Congressman McCreary's official majority in this county is 257. West's majority over Cohen is 73.

—The annual meeting of the American Bible Society will be held at the Presbyterian church next Sunday evening.

—Mr. and Mrs. John H. Woodcock went to Richmond Friday to attend Rev. Geo. O. Barnes' meetings. Colonel Jack Chinn, of Harrodsburg, was in town last week.

—Capt. W. J. Kinnaird has sold his interest in the grocery firm of West & Kinnaird to Mr. Willie West and will go into the insurance business with his brother, Mr. R. Kinnaird.

—Rev. Joseph Frank, of Flemingsburg, occupied Bro. Yancey's pulpit at the Christian church Sunday morning and evening. His discourse on each occasion was forcible and eloquent.

—John Bryant, who was arrested in Lexington some weeks ago and brought to this place charged with horse stealing, had his examining trial Friday and was held over to circuit court under a bond of \$300.

—Rev. B. F. Taylor, of Danville, is holding a protracted meeting at Paint Lick, this county, which is proving very successful. Several additions have already been added to the church and a deep interest is being manifested.

—The citizens and business men of Lancaster have petitioned the K. C. officials to give us a fast train on this end of the road, to leave Rowland at about noon, returning at 8 P. M. It is to be hoped the request will be complied with.

—Too much can not be said in praise of the decorations at the Christian church at the Jennings Orand wedding last Wednesday. The work of beautifying the church was under the immediate supervision of Mrs. D. M. Lockey, assisted by Mrs. Jennings Price.

—Mr. James M. Harbison returned Sunday evening from a day's hunt in the Paint Lick neighborhood, bearing the scalp of a single rabbit as a trophy of the chase. The report that the rabbit was killed by a K. C. train while sitting on the track in a fit of abstraction is likely untrue. Patrons of the K. C. know that the trains on that road never succeed in running anything down.

—Misses Anna Frazee and Laura Sandidge, who have been visiting friends and relatives in Lancaster left Monday morning, the former to attend Daughters' College and the latter to her home near Hustonville. Messrs. Charley Carson, E. C. Walton and Mark Hardin, of Stanford, were over Sunday evening on a delicate mission.

Taylor and Sam McKee, two colored brothers, got into a tussle last Wednesday and on being separated Sam's lower lip was conspicuous by its absence. It was subsequently discovered in the mouth of Taylor who had bitten it entirely off. Taylor was held over in a bond of \$100 at his examining trial, in default of which he languishes in jail.

—Quite a crowd of the friends of Mr. M. D. Hughes, the ex-journalist, accompanied that gentleman Saturday morning to the clothing emporium of Logan & Brewer, where Mr. Hughes proposed accomplishing the mighty task of fitting himself out in a new hat and pair of shoes. Mr. Hughes is somewhat smaller than the famed "Baby" Bates, but in the language of the poet, manages to "get there all the same" wearing a 7½ hat and a number 13 boot. Mr. Hughes' purchases were made to the complete satisfaction of all present.

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## SOME OF THE STRIKING FEATURES OF THE COUNTRY IN HOLLAND.

Broad Meadows, Numerous Canals and Windmills—A Landscape that Never Changes—One Universal Cloud—A Sense of Chilliness Everywhere.

A Dutch landscape presents a certain not unpleasing uniformity. The eye takes in at once a broad expanse. The view is bounded by trees that are only in rows or small groves but seem to become a forest as the distance increases. The most striking feature is the broad meadows, literally covered with cattle, such as are seen in the pictures of native artists. These fields, when the ground is near the level of the water, are divided into parallel levels separated by small canals or ditches covered with aquatic vegetation. Communications between parts of the same property is maintained by low bridges, scarcely rising above the general surface. Here and there are farmhouses on the brink of a canal or among the fields, usually encircled by a garden and a few trees, and perhaps the ground slightly raised or depressed by a low dike.

The farmhouses resemble in a general way those of Belgium, with their steep roofs covered with tiles and their small windows. They are not so trimly kept, and the scattering villages are not so neat. Now and then a church may be noticed standing alone, on ground raised four or five feet above the plain, surrounded by a wall, its spire rising from a mass of foliage. There are here and there villages stretched for a mile or more in single file on either side of a canal, which serves as the only street. Windmills are visible on every hand, each supported by a tower so low that when the rains revolve they seem almost to touch the ground.

THE MONOTONOUS LANDSCAPES. Over these monotonous landscapes there hangs a sky, not Italian, nor deeply, darkly, beautifully blue, not even at the favored season, but of that white cerulean tint which seems ever to remind you that the winter is close at hand. But the clouds are often soft, fleecy and comforting, and the light which bathes the meadows has nothing of the desert glare, nothing opaline in its fullness, but is rest and healing to the weary eyes of the traveler.

The Dutch landscape never laughs, nor does it even smile, though in midsummer it sometimes assumes an air of quiet contentment, such a smile suggested by sunshine as an old burglar of Amsterdam might wear after an uncommonly humoring dinner. Take, for instance, one of these almost windless August afternoons (an exceptional one), the cattle peacefully grazing in a thousand fields, here a boat pushing its way through the green scum of a narrow canal, there two or three sailing vessels sliding slowly along a broader waterway, most of the windmills motionless, or one here and there idly swinging its great arms, a railroad train on the horizon making just noise enough to render the silence audible, and the light falling over all from a partially covered sky so universally diffused by fleecy cumuli that you can see nowhere either sharp outlines or opaque shadows.

If you passed through Holland on one of these afternoons, which you might easily do, for its area is even less than that of Belgium, the impression gained would be pleasurable, and pleasurable only. But if you linger for a few days you will see the mists creep up along the canals and over the fields, the cumuli changed into rack-like clouds, and then into one universal cloud that comes down and unites with the light blotting out all from the land, while you are left uncertain, by a change of temperature, whether it is not autumn to-day, and will not indeed be winter to-morrow.

IT IS NOT ALWAYS SUMMER. In softer climes spring is considered the season of flowers. In Holland the flowers in the geometrical bed at the railroad stations, about the farmhouses, in the pots on the window sills and in the public gardens are just in their prime. And, like the grass and foliage, they have an unusually deep, rich color. It is the alchemy of moisture. That is one advantage. The roses are large and of imperial hues. The geraniums are no less magnificent. The season may be somewhat later than usual, for there has been no spring anywhere in the north of Europe to encourage precocity in the floral kingdom. But though a part of this tardiness may be attributed to the frosts that lingered in the lap of May, I suspect that it is chiefly due to the custom of the country, and it seems really a pity that, having just come, these fine flowers should be forced to depart so quickly.

Though it is only midsummer, winter is really in the air. You do not sit by a fire, but you imagine it. The season may be agreeable. You think you are probably uncomfortable, but you don't surely know. People go about with a depressed look and with the slow gait of the funeral cortege. There are qualities of chilliness that encourage brisk movement, but that which now prevails is of different character. Even the animals have an air of dejection, and the birds, with the instinct of approaching cold, gather in little conventions, fly about in purposeless circles and give in concert the cheerless chirp that precedes the autumn migration. Like the flowers, they have just come, and it seems a pity that they cannot stay a little longer after having flown from southern country, thousands of miles away, to enjoy the freshness of the north.—Holland Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

He Gaily Replied. "Oh! You wouldn't have made that move, would you?" said one of the players. "You know more than I do about checkers, do you? Where did you pick up all your knowledge of the game?"

And the man who had criticized the move quietly replied: "I was a lawyer in a county town for fifteen years."—Chicago Tribune.

The Capital by Moonlight. Washington by moonlight is wonderfully beautiful. The moon tints to mellowness the rare old marble of the public buildings. It takes away the rustiness of the tomb-like treasury and puts life into the statues. The White House looks like a fairy place under the rays of the moon, back in among those old forest trees.—Washington Letter.

A Natural Inference. "Ya-as," said an Indiana citizen, whose home lies in the fertile valley of the "Way-back," "I happened to be in Charlestown when the first earthquake came."

"What did you do when you felt the tremble?"

"I took thirty grains of quinine, b'gosh."—New York Sun.

A "Book-Maker" in England. Ex-Governor Pinchbeck, of Louisiana, has become a professional "book-maker" in England, and "sings out the odds" at the various races.—Chicago Herald.

The Winchester Leader predicts an early winter because migratory birds are going south a month earlier than usual.

Eighteen thousands acres of wheat were devastated this season by the Umatilla Indians.

## THE CRY OF THE DREAMER.

I am tired of planning and toiling  
In the crowded hives of men;  
Heart-weary of building and spoiling,  
And spoiling and building again.  
And I long for the dear old river,  
Where I dreamed my youth away;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.

I am sick of the showy seeming  
Of a life that is half a lie;  
Of the faces lined with scheming  
In the throng that hurries by.  
From the sleepless thoughts' endeavor,  
I would go where the children play;  
For a dreamer lives forever,  
And a toiler dies in a day.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

## PLUCKY INDIANS IN MINNESOTA.

## The Bright Side of Aboriginal Life—Rebuilding a Church.

A gentleman who is interested in Indian affairs said the other day: "I see that the Indian commissioners have been making a very touching report concerning some of the reservation savages in Minnesota, but why do they not occasionally give the public a view of the bright side of aboriginal life? Now, there are the Stockbridge Indians in Wisconsin. They are getting along swimmingly, and 90 per cent. of them belong to the church. About twenty-five years ago a missionary went among them, and with a little outside assistance built a small church. As soon as the Indians became interested in the work they made up their minds that they must have a better building. So it was agreed that every one must do something toward that object. The men worked every Saturday for the church, and the women and children devoted a part of their time to tasks which would bring in a few cents for the cause. At length the new church was built, but it was of wood, and in a little while it was destroyed by fire.

"With undaunted zeal the Indians went to work again, determined this time to have a building of brick and stone. After years of self-denial, nearly \$10,000 was raised, and for safe keeping it was put into a bank in Green Bay, which failed the next week, and that was the last of that fund. But the church members did not despair. Their preacher explained to them that the Lord was simply testing their faith, and with stout hearts they began the weary task again. That was six or seven years ago. Some friends made contributions, and the Indians regularly set aside the earnings of one day in the week for the church, and the result is that they are now ready once more to build. This building will be of brick and stone. The corner stone has just been laid, and with no more had luck, the edifice will be completed next year.

"I don't believe there is another instance like this on record. Men who were young when this struggle opened are now old and feeble, and some of the most active supporters of the movement were not born when it began. Many of the older members of the tribe wept for joy when the corner stone was laid, and they will die happy if they can but attend one service within the walls of the new building. Show me such devotion on the part of white men in this day, and I will tell you another one on the Indians."—Chicago Herald.

## M. Pasteur and the Animals.

M. Pasteur, in his laboratory in the Rue d'Ulm, received me with the greatest cordiality, which I learned during our conversation was complimentary I must share with my country. A small beard, just turning gray, frames the most kindly face of a man small in stature, bearing the French characteristics from the crown of his Celtic head to the sole of his small, well-shaped feet. What a strange place he led me to, so smiling and calm. A world of mad beasts, a menagerie howling and squealing in the basement under his laboratory. The mad dogs were isolated in round iron cages, some of them biting at their bars, others snapping at the straw upon which they lay, and larking as one never hears a dog bark unless mad from natural causes or under the needles of M. Pasteur.

Some of them excited pity as they lay in the earliest stages of the germ of the terrible malady, still able to give a look as if imploring help and tenderness. Chickens were fastened in coops, passing their heads through the latticed wooden cages; the rabbits were lying passively in a particularly nice neighboring family of little guinea pigs uttering plaintive squeals as if conscious of their approaching inoculation. M. Pasteur moved among them like the charmer of some fantastic menagerie, patting them with his hand, caressing them with his voice, magnetizing them by a look or a gesture, and, like the ferocious beasts under the influence of the lion-amer, the dogs grew calm and crouched in their cages, while the little rabbit rested on his hind legs in perfect obedience.—Paris Letter.

## The Peruvian National Treasure.

"Secretiveness" is a well-developed propensity of the American aborigine, north or south; and there is no doubt but a considerable percentage of the treasures accumulated by the Incas and Montezumas escaped the clutches of the Spanish marauders. In all parts of Spanish America there are whisperings about the existence of Indian families who do not hurt themselves working—I, e., carry on some mere make-believe trade, and yet are never out of money, supplied from sources known only to a limited number of their most trusted relatives. Mr. Frederick Hassaurek, of Cincinnati, who passed a number of years in the west coast of South America, always maintained that the bulk of the Peruvian national treasure was buried on the shores of Lake Titicaca, and believes that the key of the secret is still preserved in the family traditions of certain native sachems.—Dr. Felix L. Os.

## To Shorten the Term.

A new means for shortening the term of imprisonment is taken from the German: Magistrate—You are sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for stealing wood. Have you any objections to make? Prisoner—No, I don't hurt myself working.—I, e., carry on some mere make-believe trade, and yet are never out of money, supplied from sources known only to a limited number of their most trusted relatives. Mr. Frederick Hassaurek, of Cincinnati, who passed a number of years in the west coast of South America, always maintained that the bulk of the Peruvian national treasure was buried on the shores of Lake Titicaca, and believes that the key of the secret is still preserved in the family traditions of certain native sachems.—Dr. Felix L. Os.

A Friend's Consolation. Mme. Portepout, who has just lost her husband, is inconsolable. "Poor Portepout," she sighed, "he is forever asleep in the coffin." "Console yourself, madam," remarked a friend. "You remember he used to loved so much to take a siesta."—French Fun.

De wise man is allus er tellin' us whut'er to ter hab good heit, but arter all it peer like is fool outlins him.—Arkansas Traveler.

## STONEWALL JACKSON.

## THE CONFEDERATE CHIEFTAIN'S LAST COMMAND IN THE FIELD.

Mortally Wounded by Shots from His Own Men—Litter Borne Under Federal Artillery Fire—Last Order Given by the General.

When Jackson had reached the point where his line now crossed the turnpike, scarcely a mile west of Chancellorsville and not half a mile from a line of Federal troops, he had found his front line unit for the farther and vigorous advance he desired, by reason of the irregular character of the fighting, now right, now left, and because of the dense thickets through which it was impossible to preserve alignment. Division commanders found it more and more difficult as the twilight deepened to hold their broken brigades in hand. Regretting the necessity of relieving the troops in front, Gen. Jackson had ordered A. P. Hill's division, his last and reserve line, to be placed in front. While this change was being effected, impatient and anxious, the general rode forward on the turnpike, followed by two or three of his staff and a number of couriers and signal sergeants. He passed the swampy depression, and began the ascent of the hill toward Chancellorsville, when he came upon a line of the Federal infantry lying on their arms. Fired at by one or two muskets (two musket balls from the enemy whistled over my head as I came to the front), he turned and came back toward his line, upon the side of the road to his left.

## SHOT BY HIS OWN MEN.

As he rode near to the Confederate troops just placed in position, and ignorant that he was in the front, the left company began firing to the front, and two of his party fell from their saddles dead—Capt. Boswell, of the engineers, and Sergt. Cunliffe, of the signal corps. Spurring his horse across the road to his right, he was met a second volley from the right company of Pender's North Carolina brigade. Under this volley, when not two rods from the troops, the general received three balls at the same instant. One penetrated the palm of his right hand, and was cut out that night from the back of his hand. A second passed through the wrist of the left arm and cut through the left hand. But a third ball passed through the left arm half way from the shoulder to the elbow. The large bone of the upper arm was splintered to the elbow joint, and the wound bled freely. His horse turned quickly from the fire, through the thick bushes, which swept the cap from the general's head and scratched his forehead, leaving drops of blood to stain his face.

As he lost his hold upon the bridle rein he fell from the saddle and was caught by the arm of Capt. Milbourne, of the signal corps. Laid upon the ground, there came at once to his succor Gen. A. P. Hill and members of his staff. The writer reached his side a minute after, to find Gen. Hill holding the head and shoulders of the wounded chief. Cutting open the coat sleeve, from wrist to shoulder, I found the wound in the upper arm, and with my handkerchief I bound the arm above the wound, to stem the flow of blood. Couriers were sent for Dr. Hunter McGuire, the surgeon of the corps, and the general's trusted friend, and for an ambulance. Being outside of our lines, it was urgent that he should be moved at once. With difficulty litter bearers were brought from the line near by, the general placed upon the litter and carefully raised to the shoulder, I myself bearing one corner.

## UNDER ARTILLERY FIRE.

A moment later artillery from the Federal side was opened upon us; great broadsides thundered over the woods; hissing shells shredded the dark thickets through, and shrapnel swept the road along which we moved. Two or three steps farther and the litter bearer at my side was struck and fell, but as the litter turned Maj. Watkins Leigh of Hill's staff, happily caught it. But the fright of the men was so great that we were obliged to lay the litter and its burden down upon the road. As the litter bearers ran to the cover of the trees I threw myself by the general's side, and held him firmly to the ground as he attempted to rise. Over us swept the rapid fire of shot and shell—grape-shot striking fire on the flinty rock of the road all around us and sweeping from their feet horses and men of the artillery just moved to the front. Soon the firing veered to the other side of the road, and I sprang to my feet, assisted the general to rise, passed my arm around him, and with the wounded man's weight thrown heavily upon me, we forsook the road.

Entering the woods, he sank to the ground from exhaustion, but the litter was soon brought, and, again rallying a few men, we essayed to carry him farther, when a second bearer fell at my side. This time, with none to assist, the litter cumbered, and the general lay motionless for a moment. Greatly alarmed, I sprang to his aid, and lifting his head as a stray beam of moonlight came through clouds and leaves, he opened his eyes and weakly said: "Never mind me, captain, never mind me." Raising him again to his feet, he was accented by Brig. Gen. Pender: "Oh, general, I hope you are not greatly injured. I will have to retire my troops to reform them, they are so much broken by this fire." But Jackson, rallying his strength, with firm voice said: "You must hold your ground, Gen. Pender; you must hold your ground, sir!" And so uttered his last command on the field—Capt. James Power Smith in The Century.

## Children Who Make Language.

The language-making instinct of very young children, which, in Mr. Horatio Hale's opinion, furnishes the solution for the puzzling question of the origin of tongues, is curiously shown among the children reared in Shaker families. They have, according to the evidence of those acquainted with the subject, many verbs and nouns, apparently of their own creation, and unlike any known dialect. The words are usually singularly ugly and unpleasant to any one with a sensitive ear.—Boston Transcript.

## A Mutual Feeling.

Billings (meeting Baxter who is walking rapidly along the street)—Helloa Baxter, why this rush?

Baxter—I am walking fast to keep that felt low Stags from catching up with me. He's an awful low. So long.

Billings (meeting Stags, who is walking slowly)—Helloa, old fellow, why are you poking along this way?

Stags—To keep from catching up with that fellow Baxter. He's the worst bore in town.—Arkansas Traveler.

## Profits of Moonshining.

Moonshiners say they can stay in jail six months in the year, still three, and loaf three and make more money thereby than at any other business. They get seventy-five cents to \$1 a gallon for their whisky and sell it as fast as they can make it. Very little is ever found when stills are seized.—Chicago Times.

## The Cost of Fires.

Three hundred million dollars is a low estimate of the direct cost to the people of this country of fires that occur in a year.

## THE TALE OF LIFE.

Man is to day what man was yesterday—  
Will be to-morrow, let him curse or pray,  
Drink or be dull, he learns not nor shall learn  
The lesson that will laugh the world away.

The world as gray or just as golden shines,  
The wine as sweet or just as bitter flows,  
For you as me; and you, like me, may find  
Perfume or canker in the reddest rose.

The tale of life is hard to understand;  
But while the cup waits ready to your hand  
Drink and declare the summer roses blow  
As red in London as in Samarcand.

Lips are as sweet to kiss and eyes as bright  
As ever flattered Omar with delight;  
English or Persian, while the mouth is fair  
What can it matter how it says good night?  
—Justin A. McCarthy.

## THE DEPOPULATION OF FRANCE.

France Doomed to Disappear from the Banks of First Rate Nations.

I have cast a rapid glance through about a score of dailies coming from different parts of France. Most of them are dated Friday and Saturday, and there is not one that does not contain the mention of at least two violent deaths. Multiply the papers I have been able to consult by 100, which is a very low computation, and one arrives at a minimum of at least 250 deaths by violence per day. In short, one may take it for granted that there are 50,000 such calamities per annum in France. I had occasion to remark in my last letter on the almost stationary state of the population. This, added to other phenomena, leads to but one conclusion: that, in the course of a century, France is doomed to disappear from the ranks of first rate nations.

Of course, nothing is easier than to prophesy where the means of verification must necessarily be wanting. But statistics are very eloquent things, and are, to a great extent, the credentials of the would-be prophet. M. Bertillon, who has just published his annual report to the Paris municipal council, states that there have been close upon 17,000 arrests for vagrancy and mendicancy in the capital alone, besides 24,000 for more serious crimes. More than 25 years of age. On referring to M. Bertillon's report for the year 1884, I find that there is an increase of over 4,000 male-factors, without a corresponding increase in the population. I am content to let these figures speak for themselves, but I cannot forbear quoting a conversation I overheard a few months ago, still in connection with this vast increase of the population.

A gentleman that might have sat for the original of Zola's grandfather in "Pot-Bouille" maintained that France is better off with her 37,000,000 of inhabitants than other countries half the size with the same number. He was evidently under the impression that the law of primogeniture prevails everywhere and is applied indiscriminately. "And do you see," he said, "under such circumstances there is one rich in a family and the rest are all poor. It is better in France, where every child gets an equal portion of his parents' property. If you arrive at a hotel you are greeted by the proprietor, his wife, sons, daughters, book-keepers, porters, boys, chambermaids, and all. Some of them will help you to take off your shoes and show the way to your room. One nice looking girl brings you a cup of tea and a tray of sweets; another will bring you a Japanese gown. You change your clothing for the gown; then clap your hands, and some one will answer you and show you down the way to the bathroom. Most of the hotels have many bathrooms, to meet the requirements of the guests. The hot springs are usually located at the side of valleys, and long bamboo pipes carry the water into the hotels. Some bathrooms have the water falling over your head; others made to rush out from the bottom of the bath. Some bathrooms have arrangements of cold water baths as well as the hot. I have visited several of the origin of these hot springs. They all rush out from crevices in the rocks, and they are so hot that you can not put your finger in without burning it.

They all have been chemically analyzed by competent men, and by them pronounced as of great medicinal service to all sorts of the invalid.—Hakow (Japan) Cor. New York Commercial Advertiser.

What "Carp" Says of Paris. Paris is endowed with perpetual life. The city grows gay as it grows older. It has made beauty a scientific study, and what with its paint and powder, its rouge pot, and its enamel, it looks like the creation of an Aladdin's lamp in a single night rather than the growth of many centuries. Everything is new in Paris and the whole city appears to have jumped out of a bath-tub. It is hard to imagine that it was a well-known town when Christ was crucified, and that its foundations had been laid when Julius Cæsar was sucking his thumbs and blinking his little eyes as raw, red baby. We Americans speak of Washington city as the coming Paris of the west. The broad streets and shady avenues are laid out with the same regularity, and it has much the same climate, and it is to be the future social, artistic, scientific, literary and pleasure city of the western hemisphere.

Already its residences surpass in exterior beauty of Paris, and a few centuries from now it may take the place of Paris. Washington is only ninety years old, Paris is over 1,800. When Paris was 1,200 years of age she had not surpassed in population that of the Washington of ninety. When Columbus discovered America, Paris was a city of over 200,000 people, or as large as Cleveland, and it had reached the present size of Chicago before Washington was determined upon as the capital of the United States. It now has 2,200,000 people, and it is just about twenty times as big, as lively, and as beautiful as our national capital.—Frank G. Carpenter in Cleveland Leader.

The Meanest Thing Yet. Fogg has said the meanest thing any man ever was capable of saying. When Mr. F. left him alone in the house the other evening he remarked: "You won't be lonely, dear?" "No," he replied. "I shan't miss you at all. The parrot, you know, is here."—Boston Transcript.



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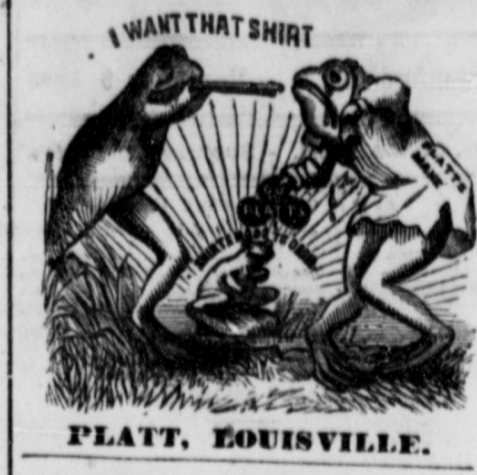
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